

## REGINA CELI—AN EASTER ANTHEM.

BY CHARLES CURTIS HAIN.

Rejoice, O Queen of Heaven, rejoice!  
Alleluia!  
Th' angelic host let thy sweet voice  
Lead in triumphant hymns of praise  
For this most glorious day of days.  
Alleluia!

For He whom thou in purity bore,  
Alleluia!  
Is risen; and the tomb no more  
Can hold the faithful who will rise  
With songs of triumph to the skies.  
Alleluia!

He is risen! He is risen!  
Alleluia!  
Broken is the dark stone prison;  
Angels stand before the tomb;  
Easter light dispels its gloom.  
Alleluia!

He is risen, loud we sing;  
Alleluia!  
But with anthems, upward wing  
Pleading minor cries to thee,  
"Ora pro nobis," Star of the sea!  
Alleluia.

## AN EASTER BONNET;

OR,

Why Mrs. Philemon Kesterson Was Worried.

BY KATE M. CLEARY.



YOU haven't tried a muffin, dear," said Mr. Kesterson. "No," dismally. "Nor touched your chop." "No," more dismally. "Nor tasted your coffee." "No," most dismally. It was a very pretty room, that in which the Kesterons sat at breakfast. A big Persian rug partly covered the polished floor; there were sash curtains of China silk on the windows; the table was a miracle of snowiness, sparkle, and tempting viands; a bowl of violets stood on the low, tiled mantel, and over on a broad lounge in the baywindow kicked a little dimpled, rosy baby, Philemon Kesterson, Jr.

"My love, what is the matter?" "Oh, nothing!" "You are ill, Augusta, or you are worried. Which is it?" Mrs. Kesterson rolled between her slim white fingers one of the ribbons of her old-rose morning gown. "I'm w-worried," she replied, with quite a pathetic tremble in her voice. "Well?" queried her lord. "I haven't any money!" broke out Mrs. Kesterson. Philemon stared. "Why, my dear Augusta, it is only five days since you drew \$50."

"I—I know, darling; but I saw such lovely fairs selling at an absurdly low price. I thought it would be swindling you not to buy it. You'd have to pay so much more, if I should happen to need some in the future. Don't you see, love?"

Mr. Kesterson put his hands in his pockets and leaned back in his chair. He had not been married long enough to make him either callous or irritable regarding requests for money. "Well, no, my dear; I can't exactly say I do. What is it you need?" "A new hat to wear Easter Sunday."

Mr. Kesterson laughed. "Now, why in the world do women always want a new bonnet for Easter? I don't buy a new hat because Lent is over. Well, well, how much will the bonnet cost?" "I don't want a bonnet," corrected Mrs. Kesterson. "I want a hat. A bonnet makes one look so old."

Philemon smiled benignly on the dimpled wild-rose face across the table, and thought it would be a peculiar head-dress which could impart to its curves and color an appearance of age.

"Well, a hat, then. How much?" "I don't know, but I did see just the very one I want. It was in Palmer's window—the loveliest hat, all sage-green velvet and surah, and the cunningest little curly tips."

Mr. Kesterson smiled more broadly. He rose. He kissed his wife. "Money is very scarce, my dear, but I'll see—I'll see!" And he shrugged himself into his light spring overcoat and betook himself down-town.

If not exactly an old man's darling, Mrs. Kesterson was the adored wife of a man considerably older than herself. But that she was barely 20.

It was quite a chilly morning, and the draught circled through the car on which Mr. Kesterson rode to his place of business at a positively rheumatic rate; but Philemon was oblivious of such small discomforts. The consciousness of a kind deed contemplated seemed to keep his feet as well as his heart warm.

"Wonder if she thought me indifferent to her request. She'll know better this evening. Won't she be delighted, though?" And he rubbed his bearded chin in an ecstasy of anticipation. Arrived at State street he turned in the direction of Palmer's millinery store. Within half a block of his des-

husband as himself, because a much more recent one.

"To tell you the truth, Kent, I'm going to buy my wife a bonnet—no, a hat."

Charley first laughed and looked quizzical, then grew suddenly serious as the possibility of his Dora being at that moment sighing for suitable head covering occurred to him.

"Women always do want new bonnets for Easter, don't they?"

From the standpoint of a longer matrimonial experience, Philemon, with decision, answered, "Yes."

"Funny, ain't it?"

"Very."

"Guess I'll go with you. How do you know you'll get what your wife will like?"

"That's as easy as rolling off a log. She told me."

"Oh! Not a surprise, then?"

"No."

When the two gentlemen entered Palmer's, Mr. Kesterson explained to the saleslady who waited upon them the particular features of the particular chapeau his wife desired. At least, he endeavored to describe them.

"The color had two names," he said, "and, though I can't exactly remember them, I know I would if I were to hear them again."

"Crushed strawberry?" she suggested.

"No."

"Harrison blue?"

"No-o."

"Terra cotta?"

Mr. Kesterson wiped his forehead. He feared his friend was laughing at him, and he was becoming desperate.

"Yes," he murmured, "I think that's it—terra cotta."

"Oh, then, this must be it," and she brought from the showcase a trim little bonnet.

"Has it tips?" She said the one she preferred had tips.

"Dear me, yes," replied the saleslady, as she smilingly revolved the bonnet before his ignorant eyes.

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